New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Some Hope of Settlement

There is reason for encouragement in the offer of the Illinois coal operators to reopen the mines on the wage scale which expired on April 1 of this year. It is true that the offer is only for a local settlement, and thus goes against the principle laid down in Mr. Harding's plan, that the problem must be considered as national rather than regional. So, also, is it clear that in addressing the offer to Mr. Farrington, head of the Illinois coal miners' union, who is an avowed opponent of John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, the operators hope to profit by the difference of opinion between these two labor leaders. Lewis has long been partisan to a national settlement, while Farrington holds other views.

But the importance of the offer lies in the fact that one group of operators at least is ready to make concessions to the miners for the sake of resuming operations. These concessions, it is true, are to be only temporary. But in a settlement of the strike there are necessarily two major problems. The first is the resumption of work; the second is the readjustment of conditions. In order to resume there must be a temporary working basis, accepted while the permanent readjustment is being planned.

The public, of course, is primarily interested in the resumption of mining. That the *status quo* as of before the strike should be resumed pending a permanent settlement by a commission such as the President proposed seems only logical. The key to this resumption is the wage question.

What one regional group of operators can do can be done by others. There has been too much rigidity shown by both sides up to date. Each has cherished the belief that by making no concessions it might win. But in a deadlock such as the present there must be give and take. Unable to adjust differences directly, both sides must submit to a settlement by an impartial third person and pay the penalty for their obstinacy and selfishness.

A final solution of the coal problem must be national. This the Administration fully realizes. But meantime other things can be done.

Bleaching the News

Arthur S. Draper, in his discussion of the problems which face the foreign correspondent as he tries to give his readers material on which to base intelligent opinion particularly spoke of the practice known as "bleaching the news."

Propaganda, in the sense in which the term is now used, is a new art, but quickly all governments have become more or less skilled in it. The line between a deliberate purpose to color news and legitimate publicity not being susceptible of exact demarcation, all governments suddenly realized the advantage Germany had in her controlled publicity, and hastened to imitate the German method. The countries least afflicted were Great Britain and the United States, where the press has behind it a long tradition of independence and even of hostility to an established régime, whatever it is; but this was not because of any lack of desire on the part of the British and American administrators to exercise control. In the name of morale the crimes of mendacity are committed and justified.

Bismarck, who venomously hated the press, was the first important statesman to recognize that the press was an unused weapon. When his direct censorship broke down he resorted to the practice of giving news preference to tamed news men. In his famous conference with Von Moltke and Von Roon he brought on the Franco-Prussian War by "doctoring" a press dispatch.

The next step was supervision of general news-distributing agencies. Individual newspapers found it difficult, even though free of control, to stem the torrent. Newspaper men, of course, knew what it meant when the message came marked Reuter, or Wolff, or Havas, but their readers did not. Finally, when the war came, military chieftains, who naturally wanted no spotlight on their blunders, became much alive to the danger of "communicating information to the enemy."

Even to-day much of the news that comes from abroad is "bleached." It is not always easy for the most wary to find the way to truth. It is still the European habit to confuse facts and opinion and rely on interpretations rather than on the news itself. No public likes long and prosy documents. It would have its pabulum predigested, but in predigestion lurks imminent danger of the loss of the flavor of truth.

No particular remedy is suggested. Probably there is none except the possession of great stores of information and a clear perception and application of the principle that truth coheres, while falsehood seldom does.

From Russia's Heart

"Your help," writes Maxim Gorky to the American Relief Administration in words of noble acknowledgment, "will be inscribed in history as a unique and gigantic achievement, worthy of the greatest glory, and will long remain in the memory of millions of Russian children saved from death by you."

This testimonial, so simply yet so feelingly expressed, is calculated to suffuse American eyes. Truly, it is a wonderful thing to hear such praise and to believe it is sincerely meant. It revives faith that America has a mission and strengthens confidence that our people in these later days are not wholly deaf to its call. Whatever the future has in store for Russia, it will be more difficult to persuade her vast population that aliens are always to be feared and always cold and cruel. After all, it is the hand held out to help that contributes to mankind's reconciliation rather than the brain of the world statesman, however great is his assistance.

The cause of Russia's troubles has not been removed. She is still in the grip of a system that dries up the breasts of national plenty. Another famine may be hatched. But we cannot, even if we would, reorganize her life and establish a better basis. This she must do herself. But we have been able to ameliorate, even though we could not cure.

Mr. Hoover and his associates have shown themselves Americans of whom the nation may well be proud. In the remote villages of the Volga, on the slopes of the Urals and on the steppes of the Caspian the American flag has become loved and revered. Nothing is more beautiful in history than is the picture of the moujik waiting, waiting, waiting, and then rising to exclaim: "They come! The Americans come!"

Busitis

Apparently Mayor Hylan never will rest content till motor busses have driven trolley cars out of existence everywhere. How he hates the great invention of Sprague!

When Chicago introduces busses he sends a fervent message of congratulation to William Hale Thompson. When Buffalo plans a bus line he dispatches the same sort of telegram, which, unhappily, arrives just when Buffalo has learned that she lacks legal right to install the new vehicles.

Comparatively few communications are given out at the City Hall which do not contain a flattering reference to bus lines and the perfect work they will do if they are encouraged to multiply.

Even in his indorsement of Mr. Hearst as a candidate for Governor the Mayor intimates that if Mr. Hearst is elected bus lines will appear as if by magic on every street in the city, while the baffled trolley cars will be banished to the junk heap.

Only an unsympathetic Transit Commission and an inactive Legislature prevent the tearing up of trolley tracks wherever they have been put down and the replacement of the cars that once sped over them by the vast carryalls that automobilists find it so difficult to drive around when they want to make better time than three miles an hour.

Mr. Hylan is not now engaged in the business of the manufacture and sale of motor busses. But he apparently remembers his Black Diamond days. If he could be made the czar of the bus business as Judge Landis, Will Hays and Augustus Thomas are, respectively, of the baseball, "movie" and theatrical businesses he might forget his duty to hold office.

The Missing Sea Serpent

Here it is the last month of summer and the arrival of the sea serpent has not yet been reported. Are the press correspondents so taken up with the wonders on the beaches that they have no time to give to the wonders of the deep?

We can ill afford to lose touch with the sea serpent. Those who are free from a narrow skepticism welcome his appearance as a promise of the time when he will be captured and thumb-printed. The giant octopus—long considered a forecastle superstition—is now known to hold his dreadful court in the ocean's black depths. May not a serpent dispute with the huge squid the lordship of the ocean's lower levels? A suspicious tail not long ago was beheld churning an Argentine lake.

Captain Jeremiah Tworodgers, of New Bedford, testified a few summers since to catching a glimpse. "The crew was so scairt," stated Captain Tworodgers, "that before I could stop 'em they staved in the cask of grog and spilled the liquor into the scuppers." Perhaps the sea serpent will be sighted this summer by some one traveling on a Shipping Board steamer.

What France Owes and Is Owed

The French government owes us eighteen billion francs. To other nations she owes seventeen billion francs, making her total foreign debt thirty-five billion francs. For reparation of the devastated regions she has advanced for the account of Germany eleven billion francs. Besides this her internal debt, excluding the advance to Germany, is 221 billion francs. Her total debt thus is 267 billion francs.

The French government in turn is owed by foreign governments, exclusive of Germany, fifteen and a half billion francs. The present value of her share of the reparations, unscaled, due her from Germany is forty billion francs. This means that her total credits are nearly fifty-six billion francs.

Of these credits five and a half billions due from Russia are now worthless and forty billion francs are in her claim against Germany. These two items comprise all but ten and a half billions of the sums due her. Only as these credits are good will her taxpayers be relieved of meeting all her war loans and other indebtedness.

It is now proposed to scale down the reparations, which would further increase France's deficit. So the French resist desperately all attempts to do so and are keenly interested in the reduction of the sums they owe to the British and to ourselves. Even with the reparations uncut the French taxpayers must pay debt charges amounting to about twelve billion francs yearly, not to mention amortization.

For being disturbed about this state of affairs and for seeking to preserve intact as many of her assets as possible France is assailed by Germany's friends as a greedy marplot.

Traffic Card Day

The new traffic warning cards which are expected to be mutually helpful to motorists and to the Police Department are effective to-day. If any automobile owner in the city has failed to provide himself with one he had better make a call at the nearest police station forthwith.

Upon these cards are to be entered such minor traffic violations as the possessor may commit. The notation may save him from arrest or a summons, in the discretion of the traffic officer. As a marked-up card will be a bad certificate for a driver to carry around with him, it will pay all drivers to learn the instructions to the police as to what are the minor offenses that call for reprimand.

Prominent among them are those relating to the obstruction of traffic. The rule that cars shall not stand crosswise on Broadway and Fifth Avenue below Fifty-ninth Street will assist in a measure to unclog those main thoroughfares. It might not be going too far to limit all stops on Fifth Avenue and not to permit cars, even with an occupant ostensibly waiting for somebody, to stay many minutes in one place. Keep them moving. Some day parking spaces will have to be found and an effective parking system devised, or congestion, in spite of the most excellent traffic rules and all willingness to observe them, will become intolerable.

Pedestrians are not required to take out traffic warning cards, although they might well be.

Rainbow Bridges

Immediately following Commissioner Whalen's announcement of a plan to build a new bridge over the East River Murray Hulbert, President of the Board of Aldermen, suggested a bridge across the Sound from the Bronx to Whitestone.

The rainbow bridge, as every child knows, has a pot of gold just under its abutments. Truly these are rainbow bridges for Tammany Hall. That organization would doubtless be glad to roof for a percentage the East River with bridges from the Battery to Hell Gate.

Its members seem to have a rooted objection to tunnels, for tunnels are cheaper to build, and, what is still more important, there is need of far less ground at either end. Tunnel approaches are under streets, and there is scant opportunity for vast real estate operations in the condemnation and purchase of land.

Commissioner Whalen, who discourses learnedly on the inadvisability of a tunnel, quotes anonymous engineers, but makes no direct quotation from any member of that profession. Meanwhile a vehicular tunnel is being built under the North River, and the ablest engineers are convinced that there will be no difficulty in disposing of the gases.

But a tunnel would afford less opportunity for speculation, and, incidentally, if one were to be decided upon it would have to be built under the direction of the Transit Commission.

The taxpayers of New York can ill afford to be rushed into a bridge project, especially when a man without engineering experience or successful experience in any form of the operation of public enterprises would be in charge.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

The New Road to Fame

No longer the cinema star
Who seeks for a place in the news
For the world-wide acclaim
Of his name and his fame,
Which he honestly feels is his dues,
Need gamble or drink or be always in court
Obtaining successive divorces—
He finds it of little avail to resort
To horrid and devilish courses.

Time was when he only need wed
A wife when he had one at home
And his name would appear
In the press, far and near—
From Rio Janeiro to Nome.
His wickedness gave him an eminent place
As a world-wide attention attracter,
And all of the managers hotly would race
To get him signed up as an actor.

So easy this route to the hearts
Of the army of photoplay fans
That cinema stars
Broke their marital bars
In companies, bunches and clans.
So sordidly common divorce suits became
That an actor's domestic duplicity
The papers regarded as stupid and tame,
And it got him no useful publicity.

The star of the future who craves
To shine in the popular eye
Will have to be good—
As a married man should—
Or he never can hope to get by.
To get into print he must needs be unique,
No family ties he must sever,
And instead of annexing a new wife each week
He must live with the old one forever!

Immune to Everything

If politicians died from shock, there would have been terrific mortality among them when Governor Miller of New York used $8,000 of his $10,000 salary to pay state bills.

Safe

Despite the immigration law, enough Italians are coming to America to insure her the golf championship for some time to come.

Never Satisfactorily

Every time Congress passes a new tariff bill it adjourns so the members can go back home and apologize.

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The Lusitania Claims

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As chairman of the Lusitania claimants committee I cannot, after reading your two editorials on the Lusitania matter in The Tribune, issues of July 1 and August 1, 1922, refrain from writing you and congratulating you on the intelligent insight which you show in the matter and the fearlessness with which you show that the preferring of the German claims over the American claims would be unjust. There has been a great "holler" raised in behalf of the Germans about confiscation. As a matter of fact, no confiscation has been proposed at all.

In the treaty of Berlin, between the United States and Germany, Section 5, the two countries agree that the alien property money should be held by the United States until such time as Germany made suitable provision for the satisfaction of claims of Americans against Germany. As a matter of fact, it should be plain to any one that Germany, by virtue of its power of eminent domain, is taking property of these citizens and pledging it for a public purpose with the United States and promising in the same treaty to reimburse its own citizens for any funds so taken.

Where is the confiscation in this? Why, in the Winslow bill, should we assume apparently to violate the letter and spirit of the Berlin treaty and prefer the claims of the Germans over claims of Americans against funds specifically pledged by the German government under the authority of its Constitution and laws?

The Underwood bill would seem to provide a reasonable, speedy and accurate method for arriving at the amount of the American claims and satisfying them out of the alien property funds, if Germany does not in the mean time pay them. As has been many times pointed out, the Lusitania outrage is sui generis. Why should the members of an international tribunal haggle around the table over what the value in dollars is of the life of an American man, woman or child? Yet us fix that value by our own commission without quibbling as to the earning power or condition of health of the slain victims, and with some regard to the enormity of the crime perpetrated against civilization.

GEO. WHITEFIELD BETTS JR.
Chairman of Lusitania Claimants Committee.
New York, Aug. 4, 1922.

The War-Made Creditor

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In re debts of nations. If the United States were a debtor nation prior to the World War and is now a creditor nation to the extent of billions, surely the war and the blood of Europe were the agents which brought about this change from debtor to creditor. If so, where is that liberal "American" spirit?

G. SOMERVILLE.
New York, Aug. 4, 1922.

The Tower

FIDELITY

HERE was the garden gate, where the clambering woodbine scrambles;
There is the rotting sill she crossed when, a bride, she came
In with her man to her home where the upreaching arms of the brambles
Swarm o'er the broken down walls and the sumach bush kindles its flame.
The roof of the dwelling has vanished; alanthus saplings have sprouted
Where the foundation's stones are dropping in slow decay,
And rains of the hurrying years have gullied and washed and routed
And buried in grass and weeds the road that she trod that day.

Here was the well he dug: the fungus gleams on the curbing.
That rubble of mossy stone was a hearth in the long ago.
Only the winds walk through this garden of hers, disturbing
The tangle of leaves and thorns where the golden rod's lances glow.
Weather and weeds have joined in an envious, fast alliance
To blot from the minds of men the place where she loved to walk.
Yet, look! Where the gate once stood a rosebush flaunts its defiance,
And valiant and all alone one hollyhock raises its stalk.

Were they a part of her dream that they hold their places together?
Men have forgotten her name; the heart that once loved them is dust.
Still, by the ruin they stand, through the somnolent summer weather,
Lifting their blossoms high—soldiers, true to their trust.
So at the gate they wait, though the house that they knew has wallowed
Down to the cellar's pit, where the fires of the sumach burn,
Watching when summer comes the road that the wood has swallowed,
Gallant and high of heart; waiting for her return.

The perfectly healthy man, in our humble opinion, is the person who can read one of these syndicated advice to the ailing columns without discovering that he is host to a couple of hitherto unsuspected diseases.

And an obscure ailment, we also hazard, is one for which you can't find a remedy through scanning the mural decorations of almost any subway car.

The Perfect Assurance

Sir: Can you imagine the complacency with which I order my dinner at the little Flatbush restaurant that proclaims on the front of its menu:

"The Quality served here is the very best that can be bought. If any Discrepancy appears in its preparation it will be cheerfully rectified."

W. G. COCHRAN.

Mr. Gompers proclaims that capital and labor are about to fall on each other's necks and that the outlook for the future gets daily brighter and better. As proof of the newly found sympathy between operators and workers the president of the A. F. of L. is beginning to sound like Judge Gary.

FISHERS ISLAND

Why do we say "pale" stars?
The firmament
Is thickly gemmed to-night
With distant suns
And planets, glowing like small, far-flung moons.

The fishing boats that here at anchor lie,
As if enchanted by night's witchery,
Loom grayly in the shadows by the pier
Like ships of old romance and mystery.

No sound is there save lapping of the tide
That soothes like music
And is scarce a sound.
But makes the charmed silence more complete
With its reiterated monotone.

And to the eastward are the harbor lights,
Seeming to-night no nearer than the stars.

BLANCHE A. SAWYER.

Because he had a sore throat, Senator Fernald, of Maine, sat and listened to his own speech, read by the Senate clerk. The inertia of the average legislator is amazing. Maybe Mr. Fernald was unable to deliver his own address, but what prevented his rising and accompanying the reading with appropriate gestures?

The Candid Chiropractor

(Found by Eve in a Life advertisement)

The chiropractor tells you his message in English because he wants you to understand. He doesn't camouflage his ignorance with Latin.

Some day some one in the metropolitan district is going to hold a mirror up to nature, and we have grave doubts whether the old lady will survive the shock.

(Laughter)

Sir: He and I stood on the corner waiting for a bus. Says he to me:
"Look at the suit on that guy!
Enough to stop a runaway horse!"
Just like a flash I comes back with:
"Habiliments of whoa, so to speak."

SAL HEPATICA.

The Allies are unanimous in protesting that they don't want Constantinople. They are even more of one mind in asserting no one is going to have it.

F. F. V.

GREAT GAME! WHO'S AHEAD?

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Lights of a Dull Commons

By Sir Henry Lucy

The session of the British House of Commons which has just closed has been the dullest in the memory of man. This is doubtless due mainly to the absence of the Irish Nationalist party. The Irish member was the salt of the House of Commons. Also, it is true, occasionally the cayenne pepper. Now he has withdrawn himself, the meal has lost its savor.

It was pleasant to hear Lord Balfour in a valedictory speech addressed to his former constituents pay a generous tribute to his ancient foemen.

He did not believe, he said, with a tremor in his voice, that in the whole history of our Parliament (he doubted whether in the history of any Parliament) there had ever been such a party for the sternness of its discipline, the extraordinary wealth of its speakers, some of them masters of elocution and supreme debaters, formidable from their knowledge of parliamentary methods and the use to which they put their knowledge.

Parnell is dead and so are the majority of his lieutenants, including Mr. Biggar. John Dillon and Tim Healy alone remain, both driven into obscurity by men of the class of De Valera. They will with mixed feelings hail this tribute to "that marvelous parliamentary phenomenon, the Irish party," of which more than forty years ago they were prominent members.

The Loss of Balfour

Lord Balfour's own withdrawal from the scene he has adorned for nearly half a century completed the dolor of the House. He ran Lloyd George close for the first place in its estimation as an attractive speaker. It is an odd thing that, making his maiden speech in the House of Lords, he should have landed his colleagues in the ministry in serious defeat in the division lobby. This incident is not calculated to lessen his regret at having quitted the Commons. As in a touching speech he reminded his late constituents, he saw the rise of the Irish Nationalist party from its small beginning in the first Parliament of which he was a member; saw it when Parnell took the leadership; saw its culmination and witnessed its decline, a rare privilege I, from a humbler position, shared to the full extent. Also, I, at close quarters, watched and admired the part he played in the great drama.

For the Prime Minister the session was a series of broken attendance. A succession of international conferences called him away from Westminster, to the decadence of interest in Parliamentary proceedings and the occasional discomfiture of his party. It is a high tribute to his personal influence that on resuming his seat on the Treasury bench after long or short absence he immediately took charge of affairs, none disputing his supremacy. At the close of a session, not without its troubles, Mr. Lloyd George is as firmly seated in the saddle as when he first mounted.

The most striking feature in the session is the advanced position won by Winston Churchill. More closely than ever his career resembles that of his father. Lord Randolph began his wonderful Parliamentary life as a free lance, to whom the House of Commons was attractive as a more prominent platform for a spree than had earlier come within his reach. To its huge delight, John Bright, in a rare lapse into unconscious humor, desiring to allude to Woodstock, the borough which returned Randolph to Westminster, called him the "Hon. Member for Woodcock." Members, discerning some appropriateness in the name, for some time used it in smoke-room conversation. After prancing round on his own account, Lord Randolph became leader of the Fourth Party, and from his corner seat below the gangway, with strict impartiality attacked Gladstone and his own nominal chief, Stafford Northcote. When in course of time he, by sheer force of merit, became leader of the House and Chancellor of the Exchequer, his method and his manner underwent a radical change. The hilarious youth, who, like St. Paul, spoke like a child and acted like a child, put away childish things and became a statesman of grave manner, weighty in well-ordered speech, courteous to the least important of his critics, patient under the strain of daily drudgery attendant upon the office of leader.

Churchill's Unique Post

That is the position his son has attained during the late session. He is not (yet) leader of the House. But next to the Prime Minister he is its most influential member. He has drifted into a post unique in the history of Parliament. Officially he sits on the Treasury bench as Colonial Secretary, an office whose possibilities were seen by Chamberlain, who made it his own and lifted it to the first rank of state departments. Ireland has since the time of Forster been represented in the House of Commons by the Chief Secretary. In these times, more perilous to the empire than were those that saw the birth of the Land League, the Chief Secretary has been displaced from his Parliamentary position, and the Colonial Secretary has, in addition to his own work, taken over the task of grappling with revolution and civil war. His manner of dealing with it, described in a series of speeches of the highest quality, has gained the approval and confidence of all sections of party in both houses of Parliament, and has had obvious effect in Ireland.

The Two Cecils

In a House of exceptionally few interesting personalities Lord Robert Cecil and his brother Hugh command attention. Before a coalition government laid its chilling hand on Parliamentary debate Lord Hugh Cecil held a commanding position among private members. Howsoever empty the House might be, when he rose it speedily filled up when news went round the lobby and its precincts "Lord Hugh's up." By the fearlessness of his speech, its originality and pointed phrase, he ran even Lloyd George close in attraction. Since the beginning of the war, and the consequent installation of a coalition ministry among whom some of his oldest political friends had places, he subsided into obscurity. His attendance was intermittent and his participation in debate brief and increasingly rare.

During the course of his younger brother's brilliant career Lord Robert Cecil remained in the background, discouraged by the habit of members scurrying out whenever he rose to deliver a dull speech. In the late session, while Lord Hugh has retired into the background, Lord Robert has come to the front. It is a revival of the old fable. In the race for Parliamentary distinction the tortoise has overtaken the hare and continues to outstrip it. Lord Robert is now not only listened to but influences debate and political action. He has not been able to form a "party" below the gangway, wherein he fell short of the achievement of Mr. Bottomley before he retired into penal servitude. But he, a Tory of long descent, has publicly announced his readiness to join Viscount Grey of Fallodon, an unimpeachable Liberal, in forming a government which shall save the country from present peril. It is true Lord Grey has taken no notice of the outstretched hand. But the offer is still open.

No Literary Dictator

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The reported suggestion of John S. Sumner, of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, that the organization of book publishers is interested in a plan for prejudging the morals of all new books or in the setting up a sort of literary dictator should have prompt and emphatic refutation.

The National Association of Book Publishers is not interested in so preposterous an idea, has not been considering such an idea, and so far as the opinions of individual publishers are known, the proposal outlined by Mr. Sumner is the last thing they would consider, no matter how unsatisfactory censorship by magistrate's decision may seem as conducted to-day.

A short time ago the president of the Authors' League asked the Publishers' Association if it would appoint representatives to a small conference which was to see whether the present censorship confusion could be in any way clarified. No specific idea was to have been discussed nor were this committee to be asked to bring out specific recommendations when they did get together after vacations. That such a group would discuss seriously the prejudging of current literature through a "controlling committee on ethics" or an "arbiter" or "dictator" would certainly not be likely, and Mr. Sumner's advance pronouncements may simply bring the suggested discussions to an end before their beginning. The Publishers' Association's interest in the matter was to see that authors and publishers suffered from no such outside interference as this plan presents.

Whether Mr. Sumner expected this "committee of control" to sit in judgment upon the classics of the past as well as the productions of to-day is not clear, but in both cases the National Association of Book Publishers leaves decisions to its individual members.

While appreciating the work the vice society does in other fields and desiring most certainly that all American publishers should maintain the highest possible standards for themselves, the National Association of Book Publishers disclaims any interest in the censorship plan outlined in Mr. Sumner's interview and deprecates his attack on the "younger school" of authors and on the present conditions of literature and publishing.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BOOK PUBLISHERS.
FREDERIC G. MELCHER,
Executive Secretary.
New York, Aug. 4, 1922.